

to resort to force, to keep him from strangling himself with his chains, or dashing his head against the slimy stones of the wall. I slept not a moment through all the long, gloomy hours, and the dull gray of morning found me so weak and exhausted that I could scarcely stand.

It was now my intention, as soon as the keeper should make his unseasoned visit, to inform him of the design of my friend, in the hope that he would take some measures to prevent the horrible deed; but I did not tell Maitland this for fear it would excite him to renewed efforts to end his life at once. He now seemed greatly exhausted, and proposed that we should lie down together and endeavor to get a little sleep.

"If you will pledge your sacred honor, that you will not again attempt your life, I will—otherwise no!" I replied.

"I pledge my sacred honor, Laurens, that I will not attempt it again to-day."

We accordingly selected the dreary spot we could find, and had just fairly camped down, when we heard the rattling of bolts and chains at the door of our dungeon, and supposed it to be some person sent to remove to the hospital the poor fellow whose cries and groans had made night hideous, and which must have reached the ear of the sentry without. We were therefore not a little surprised to perceive an officer of some rank appear with the warden at the open door, and hear him call out in a loud, sharp tone, the names of Edmund Laurens and Carry Maitland.

"Here!" cried we both, starting up together, with wonder, hope, fear and doubt all mingled in one terrible whirr.

"Follow me!" said the officer in reply to our answer.

We moved forward as quickly as we could, our hearts beating tumultuously. Were we advancing to liberty or death? Brave! I how often leave our prison; and any change must be for the better, even death itself. The other poor fellow all started eagerly forward—all except the sick one and his companion—each calling out his own name, and asking in piteous tones if he was not to go also.

"Here, guard! drive back the dogs!" said the officer, savagely, and half-a-dozen soldiers, with fixed bayonets, sprang into the dungeon, and forced back the poor fellows, allowing only Maitland and myself to pass; and as soon as we had fairly bolted outside the massive door, the soldiers followed us; and then the rattling of bolts and chains, as they closed upon the dungeon, must have fallen with more than a death-knell sound upon the poor victim still buried in their living tomb.

"This way, Senners!" said the officer, as he advanced along a narrow passage, and up a flight of narrow, damp and moldered stairs; and we struggled after him with all our might, our heavy chains clanking dizzily at every step.

What did it—what could it mean? He had addressed us too as gentlemen! and though not in a very gentlemanly tone, yet in one far less harsh than he had used toward the poor victim left behind. Was it possible we were about to obtain our liberty, after suffering more than a thousand deaths? We did not speak—we dared not give voice to hope—but we breathed hard and quick, with excitement and exertion, as we struggled up the slimy steps to the world of light and life above.

On reaching the top of the stairs, we were conducted along a gloomy corridor to a door that opened into a kind of antechamber; and on entering here, the officer led us to a large, grim-looking fellow, with black, bushy hair and whiskers.

"Haro, Pedro—strike off those irons! and be quick!"

The youth set to work hurriedly, and in less than five minutes we were freed of our iron marks of degradation. We watched every movement with eager, straining eyes; we listened to every sound; we gazed at each other; our pulses were accelerated; our hearts beat almost audibly; our breathings grew quick, anxious to pant; and yet our lips moved not; we asked no questions; we spoke no word; and we half believed we were the sport of some dream, which would speedily dissolve, and again leave us in our dungeon, in misery and in chains.

"Please follow me, Senners!" said the officer, as soon as we were free, and we mechanically arose and followed him.

We felt very light—as if we were treading on air—and it was so very strange to move without these heavy, encumbering trammels! What could it mean? Were we awake or asleep?

"If asleep, oh God! may we never wake again!" was my mental prayer.

Through one narrow, winding corridor after another, past many a gloomy cell of suffering and misery, we followed the officer, till at length a heavy door opened, and we found ourselves in an open court, with the pure daylight of God's heaven peering dazzlingly bright upon our expanded and dungeon-blinded eyes.

"Oh, how sweet the air! how beautiful the sky! The mere glimpse of it filled us with joy unspeakable; and we felt as if transported from Hades to Heaven.

Crossing the court, we entered a more spacious and cheerful-looking portion of the great Castle; and in another minute we were ushered into a large and lofty apartment, where stood several officers of rank, and a few gentlemen in the dress of citizens.

Two of the latter instantly advanced a few steps, and then suddenly paused, as if surprised and in doubt. I at once recognized them as Don Luis and Don Manuel, and with a cry of joy I pronounced their names.

"The salutes be mortal!" exclaimed the former—"it is possible that in the poor interval I behaved not quite and friends?" and the next moment, all ragged, wretched and filthy as we were, their arms were thrown around our necks, and we were admitted to their hearts in an affectionate embrace.

(continued next week.)

[2] The present population of the United States is estimated by the Census Bureau at 35,000,000.

[3] A very man can pass with a locomotive, while the fireman and engineer were asleep on it, in Illinois, the other day. After a fearful ride he was knocked down and scoured.

[4] Ink of the finest and most intense black may be prepared by adding a very minute portion of vanadic acid, or vanadic of ammonia, to a solution of mangal. This ink will be found much more lasting than the ink ordinarily sold in stationery stores.

[5] The testimony of a witness has been referred to in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, because he wore his dirty working clothes in the court room.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1866.

NOTES OF STATE BANKS.

Our subscribers will please not send us the notes of the State Banks in payment of their subscriptions, as the National Banks will not receive them on deposit. We give full directions in our "Terms" as to the proper mode of mailing us money.

NOTICE.

We have been informed that a person calling himself Mr. Pearson has been acting as an agent of The Poor at Lewisburg, Penn. We have employed no agents for several years past. Any one who gets up a club acts as the agent of said club, and should be personally known to those who subscribe through him.

OUR NOVELETS, CLUBS, &c.

We design commencing in our next number, a new Novellet, called

HEARTS ERRANT.

which we have every reason to believe will give great satisfaction to our readers. Lady readers, especially, will admire it.

Mr. Bennett's story of "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," closes in our next paper—to the great regret, as we know, of large numbers of subscribers. We design commencing a new novellet by Mr. Bennett in the first paper of the next year. It will be called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

We trust those who intend making up clubs for the new year, will begin at once, before their friends are engaged for other periodicals.

[6] NO PAPER OFFERS AS GREAT INDUCEMENTS AS THIS POST. Besides, as THIS POST and the LADY'S FAVORITE can always be obtained together, it makes the getting up of large lists much easier than where there is no choice. Many persons will also take both periodicals, and that he himself was unable to find out his own wife when thus concealed. More than this, it happened that on one occasion a lady, celebrated for her beauty, and especially distinguished by her fine eyes, la Duchesse de M——, was drawn into engaging in this pastime, and then it is the business of the rest of the company to identify the concealed persons simply by their eyes. One who had played at this game told me, rare a correspondent, that the difficulty of such identification is incredibly great, and that he himself was unable to find out his own wife when thus concealed. 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More than this, it happened that on one occasion a lady, celebrated for her beauty, and especially distinguished by her fine eyes, la Duchesse de M——, was drawn into engaging in this pastime, and then it is the business of the rest of the company to identify the concealed persons simply by their eyes. One who had played at this

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

South American Civilization.

WANTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CHAMBERS.MONTAÑAS—MINES—SILVER THIEVES—FATE
FORTUNE—THE FOOL—ALCALDE RICO—UN-
DECORATED SPLENDOR—FALLING IN—DRAG-
GING OUT—OVER A LEDGE.

None of the mines are worked at a greater depth than six hundred feet at the present time, and only one I think so deep as that; though it is said the early Spanish miners in many instances delved to the depths of a thousand to twelve hundred. But mineralogists and miners in more modern times discovering that the richest ledges lay so much nearer the surface, affording silver at greatly reduced cost of digging, bored horizontally, the refuse material being pitched down the old Spanish bottomless pits, filling them up to their present depth.

One of the mines, however, that of *Alacantia*, Rio, said to have been originally the richest mine in Bolivia, but for more than seventy years only moderately productive, the first Spanish miners had chambered to a wide extent at the depth of about three hundred feet from the surface, and then tunneled perpendicular, sinking shafts in several of the arched galleries eight hundred feet deeper. It was said, and none of these pit holes has ever been filled in.

We were down in the mine of *Alacantia*, every soul of us, our fifth visit, I believe, to the subterranean silver country, and the mine being an abandoned one, our English engineers guides abandoned us to our own plottage, it being none of their business to show strangers around through the dark where they knew nothing about the navigation themselves; and so providing ourselves with torches, down we went and undertook the navigation. In the undertaking, several of our party came to grief, four of them to a condition next door to death.

For an hour or so we went on admirably, keeping all together, making a great glee with all our blazing torches, wandering through and revelling in magnificent corridors, grand halls and immense chambers, their roofs and ceilings, groined and frescoed with quaint statuettes, white as drifted snow, stalactites springing up in stalactites, and glittering spires and walls all set with transparent alum crystals, flashing back in ten thousand tongues of vivid light the glaze of our torches, each, it seemed, ten thousand times duplicated, until the whole became a scene of enchantment, almost blinding in its regal splendor—more magnificient than such that met the eye of the enraptured Aladdin wandering amid the failed cave of subterranean diamonds.

In our worship of the wonderful we went on, bewildering ourselves in the crystal labyrinth, nothing impressed, as we ought to have been, by the gorgeous wealth of nature's sublime beauty that wrought out in utter darkness; but reckless, rattle-brained, shooting blunderers, running like bats let out school boys and girls through tortuous passages, till suddenly Cator, Harry White, Headlong Kate, Edith and Sensors Come, being our foremost bats, ran headlong into one of the bottomless pits.

Their did not go quite to the bottom, which would have been a far fall indeed. As the shafts were all filled with water to within about seven feet of the surface, their fall was only a headlong plunge of that distance, and so, save headfirst into the water uncomforatbly cold. As they were all capital swimmers, there was no immediate danger of their drowning and going farther down. But how were they to be brought up out of that depth? That was the puzzle.

The sides of the pit were smooth and perpendicular—they were far below our reach; not a rope, lance, or line of any sort at hand. What was to be done? It was a two hours' journey to the upper world and back with implements of salvation, and before a twentieth of that distance could have been done, our friends would have been chilled to death and drowned and sunk to all eternity. Besides, there was danger of two more of the party popping into the pit, as Dona Eusebia, Harry's Chilean wife, and Cator's lavenders bride were raving wild, and he is now in hospital, a lunatic."

There are in all the near neighborhood of Potosi about a hundred and forty shafts, new and old, perhaps three quarters of them abandoned, several worked irregularly, and not more than twelve producing silver in remunerative quantities. As it is the almost universal opinion of every one competent to judge who has ever visited and prospected through that region, that the whole *Sierra de Potosi*, for the distance of a hundred and fifty miles, as well as five hundred of its lateral spurs, overlie one vast bed of rich silver ore, it is very probable that Bolivia, wide awake, with a more liberal mining policy, might at any time within a year have opened a thousand richly productive, pouring wealth into her coffers, embracing her from the soils of a grasping sister republic, and making her so far as wealth is concerned the leading power among the states of South America.

But Bolivia is Spanish—after Ecuador the most foggy land of all the countries occupying the southern end of our continent. Ceased in her silver trade by Buenos Ayres, she suspects everybody else of dishonesty—locks up her immense wealth in the interior of her rugged sierras and lives a miserable pauper.

What the aggregate product of the mines at Potosi are, it is impossible to tell. The average of guesses by English engineers, superintendents and miners, will make it about nine million dollars per annum; but as all the government officials of both countries, as well as all sorts of employers, plunder ad libitum, it is probable that four millions at least might be safely added to the count. The mines are supplied with English machinery and superintended mostly by Englishmen in the employ of Buenos Ayres, and it is said even among themselves that if a superintendent or engineer is smart, he can go home to England at the end of the fifth year able to purchase an estate. We were told of one engineer who came to Potosi too poor to pay for a week's subsistence, who sent home a million dollars in four years and went home at the end of that time carrying with him more than as much more.

But no one must imagine from such instances of that all foreigners who go to Potosi either send or carry home silver fortunes. With the previous note everywhere, silver household utensils almost as common as tin in our country, there are always more miserables, wretched, foreign vagabonds, living in utter poverty, dragging out a dog's existence, dying like brutes and going to oblivion; that I ever saw in any town of like population in any country. Thousands of foreigners are drawn thither by bright airy dreams, to find the reality all cold, hard iron. Though silver is so abundant that among many of the very poorest inhabitants many of the smaller domestic articles of every-day use are made of the metal, it is even nothing in those shapes, but no exchangeable value, and one might starve to death on a morsel called with silver spoons.

Nearly all the silver mined at Potosi is smelted there, going to Buenos Ayres in ingots. But many a good bar of silver made at Potosi never finds its way to the treasury of the Argentine Confederacy. Some of it goes to Africa for shipment abroad, in queer company and very unusual shape for silver. There are 100 mines in the neighborhood of Potosi, the produce of which goes exclusively to Africa for shipment either to England or the United States. The tin is cast into "pogs," about twenty inches long by four and a half wide on one side, four inches deep, and three broad on the fourth side. In 1854, I was shown, among a hundred or so of these tin pogs on board a ship bound for the United States, thirteen pogs of pure silver, in shape, lettering and every apparent feature, so that was about three hundred pounds of pure silver was smuggled out of Bolivia and into the United States.

A number of us, both men and women, went down into seven of these silver shafts, all of which have extensive horizontal drifts and lateral chambers honeycombing the bowels of the earth at a depth of from three hundred and fifty to five hundred feet below the surface.

DAUGHTERS TO SELL—
SONG BY A LADY OF FASHION.

Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!
They cost more money than I can tell;
Their education has been first rate;
That wealthy young nobleman wants a mate?

They sing like nightingales; play as well;
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Here's my fine daughter, my daughters, oh!
German, Italian, and French they know,
Dance like strophides for grace and ease;
Come out your partner, whichever you please.

Here's a nice wife for a rich young swell;
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Beautiful daughters, dark and fair!
Each a treasure to suit a millionaire,
Or fit to pair with any duke's heir
At St. George's Church, by Hanover Square.

Buy I you that in lonely mansion dwelt,

Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Buy my dear daughters! Who wants a bride,
That can give her a carriage and horses to ride,
Stand an opera box for his fancy queen,
And no end of acres of crimoline?

Ever new furniture, jewels, and plate,
All sorts of servants upon her to wait;
Visits to Paris, Vienna, and Rome,
In short, all she's been brought up to at home.

Here are girls for your money—if out you can
sell!

My daughters to sell! My daughters to sell!

—London Punch.

A Heart-Reading Episode.

The London Morning Herald's military correspondent gives the following story: "A farmer, living in a hamlet near Poosmire, had a wife and two children, whom was the woman's terror of the Poosmire, when she heard they were coming, that her husband, to satisfy her, placed her in an underground cellar, with her two little ones, and built up the doorway, leaving some food inside. The Grannies entered the place, and, among others, obliged this poor man to accompany them, with his horse and cart, for a day's journey, as they said. But the man was brought on from place to place, and at last, when he was suffered to return and reached his own house, several days had elapsed. On the way back he began to calculate how little food he had left with the wife and children; and, horror-stricken, at the dreadful thought that their cries might not be heard, his hair is said to have turned white on his homeward journey. His fears were but too real. He tore down the masonry, searched for those so dear to him, but only found three lifeless bodies, half devoured by rats. Reason left him at the dreadful sight, and he is now in hospital, a lunatic."

Getting Married.

It seems to us we never hear of a young lady about to be married, but there strikes upon our ears a chorus of her friends, knowing that she is about to throw herself away upon a man who is wholly unworthy of her, and wondering what she can possibly see in him to justify her in making such an enormous sacrifice. So, when a man marries, all his friends agree that they are terribly disappointed in his wife. They did think that poor So-and-so would have made a better choice. But here has gone and married a woman who isn't good-looking, who hasn't any money, who doesn't understand him, who can't appreciate him, who, &c., &c.—also—gave a long bill of indictment against the lady, simply because she has become poor dear So-and-so's wife and a friend whom his other friends can't be friends with. And in these cases, it should be noted, the friends of the wife or husband are only in accord in their common antagonism to the object of the wife's or husband's choice, and for the better expression of this, they sink temporally the other differences existing among and dividing them; they are only harmonious singing this one chorus; that over a hopeless discord prevails among them again.

[C] A Human Snail—Nothing on earth can move but human beings. Gossips may dash off light, but what is a diamond fast compared with an eyefish and a mouthfish? A face that cannot smile is like a bird that cannot blossom, and dries upon the stalk. Laughter is dry, and sobbiness is night, and a smile is the light that hovers gently between both, and more twinkling than either.

[C] A Latin motto on the seal ring of A. T. Stewart says, "Keep busy and mind your chores."

[C] On an average a dozen boy thieves are arrested every week in London. On their persons are usually found specimens of such literature as "The Boy-Burglar," "The Boy-Pirate," "The Boy Highwayman," &c.

[C] Dressers will pull behind, or rather under, for the dress has descended to a comic, and the person has arrived to the dignity of a drama. When the dress will be a simple muslin, looped up with ribbons, while the person will be of rich and expensive embroidery.

[C] It appears that the manufacture and consumption of cigar-tobacco is as much on the increase in Europe as in the United States, and even the Turks and Mohammedans generally begin largely to indulge in it. An immense brewer has lately been completed, intended to turn a large number of them into tobacco in operation, at Istanbul; another at Granada, in the U.S.; another at Granada in Syria—an to satisfy the increasing demand for the export of cigar-tobacco to Italy, Greece, Turkey, the Levant and Egypt. Mohammed had no idea of this beverage, and did not include it in his prohibition, hence the Turks not being allowed to taste wine or liquor, are taking to beer, and by this whipping the devil round the stamp, have their souls.

[C] Authors copyright in France is now extended to fifty years.

[C] The Colorado Mining Journal says Brigham Young is making inspection tours round about his dominions. He was "invited" by a rough backwoodsman, who propositioned Brigham Young's question direct: "How's your mother-in-law?"

[C] A pretty young American, whose Christian name is Anne, on receiving a letter from a young gentleman who had not pluck enough to say he wished to marry her, twirled it playfully beneath her nose, and, looking saucily at him, popped the question thus: "Anne?"

[C] What is wif? That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pulled noses and broken heads.

THE ELECTIONS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—General Geary (Republican) is elected by probably 15,000 to 18,000 majority. The Congressional delegation will stand 18 to 6—a gain of two for the Republicans. The Legislature is Republican by a large majority.

OREGON.—The Republican majority is probably about 40,000. The Republicans have probably lost a member in the Congressional delegation.

INDIANA.—The Republican majority is reported as about 18,000. Congressional delegation the same as last.

LOWA.—The Republican majority is reported as 25,000. Congressional delegation all Republican, as last.

BALTIMORE CITY.—The Unconditional Union man has been successful in the city election.

The Life of the Mosquito.

Did it ever occur to you, when by a well-directed slap you demolish a mosquito, that you destroy a very beautiful, and in spite of his bold-chested propensities, interesting object? The mosquito's insect is readily distinguished by his plump. He has the negative quality of not annoying us, lives but a short time, and what little food he requires he gets from flowers. The female is armed with a formidable proboscis. To understand her history, we must go back to the egg. The female lays her eggs upon the water; finding a suitable place, she deposits the eggs, one after another, in this support made by the legs, putting them endwise, side by side, and sticking them firmly together by means of a glutinous secretion which covers them. When the mass is complete, it is in the shape of a little boat, consisting of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty eggs, which is not adust and abandoned to its fate. The little raft floats persistently; it will not sink, nor will hard usage break it up, nor freezing destroy the vitality of the eggs. In a few days the larva, as the first stage of the insect is called, are hatched, and make their way out of the under side of the egg, and go off in search of food. They may be seen in any season of rain-water that has been exposed for some days during summer; from their peculiar manner of locomotion they are called "wrigglers." Near the tail is a tube of hairs through which the wriggler breathes. When not disturbed it rests with its head downward, and with this tube at the surface of the water, and on approach of danger it rapidly wriggles itself to the bottom of the vessel. After wriggling through eight to fifteen of the first days of its existence, and casting its skin two or three times, the mosquito makes fun of everything, even of its mate's tail and whiskers; the larvae, running round in their mirth; over the young ones—the baby-caddis—how punky and drab, and happy he looks with his funny head, and his laughing eyes, and his long legs, still, starting after that venerable and sour-headed donkey lady, with the long ears, his mother. One thing I like to see, is a child clean in the morning. I like to see its plump little body, well washed, and sweet and full from top to bottom. But there is another thing I like to see, and that is a child dirty at night. I like a storied lair—green-green, crowing and kicking, keeping everybody alive.

How to Kill Children Healthy.—And first, a word on our old friends, the boozes. Let them alone as much as you can. They will put themselves and keep themselves right if you take care to prevent wrong things going into the stomach. No raw apples, or raw turnips or carrots; no raw onions, and all that kind of abomination; no tea, to draw the sides of their tender little stomachs together; no whiskey, to kill their digestion; no Candy, or Taffy, or Licor, or Black Man, or Jell; the less sugar and sweet things the better; the more milk and butter and fat the better; but plenty of plain, wholesome food, porridge and milk, good health—call it as you will it.

Some folks will tell you that children's feet should be always kept warm. I say no. No healthy child's feet are warm; but the greatest thing is to keep the body warm. That is like keeping the fire good, and the room will be warm.

The breast, the breast, is the place where the fire of the body—the heating apparatus—is,

and if you keep it warm, and give it plenty of fuel, which is fresh air and green food, you need not mind about the footkin, they will mind themselves; indeed, for my own part, I am so unaccustomed to think how fat and how legs in legs still confined, and its wings limp and dead.

The slightest breeze at this time would upset the frail boat, and the insect would be drowned.

The breast, the breast, is the place where the wing will only emerge on a very still, sunny day. The skin of the pupa bursts open on the back, and the first protuberance in head, then the chest gradually follows, and it stands erect in the shell with its legs still confined, and its wings limp and dead.

The slightest breeze at this time would upset the frail boat, and the insect would be drowned.

But there is a very small proportion of the whole used in passing the last transformation in safety.

Soon the front pair of legs is extricated, and placed upon the wing.

This enables the insect to steady itself, and much diminishes the danger of upsetting.

The sun speedily dries the wings, which are gradually expanded; then the other legs are drawn out and placed on the edge of the pupa case, and the antennae and pronotum are elevated, and the insect is able to quit its watery abode and fly to serenade us with its shrill note, and to relieve us of our virgin spouse.

Naturalists are not agreed as to the manner in which the mosquito keeps its peculiar and annoying sound; it is thought by some that the wings alone do not cause it, but that they are aided by the rapid vibration of the muscles of the chest. It is said that the wings vibrates fifty times in a second. If the cause of the song of the mosquito is not well understood, such is not the case with the other annoying peculiarity of singing. Here the object is so small that the mosquito must be held to our ear. When examined by the glass, the sting of the mosquito is found to be a very beautiful as well as complex instrument. The wonderful fitness of its points is seen in the way with which they penetrate our tough skin. The sting itself would cause but little annoyance, were it not that the mosquito gives off an irritating secretion which inflames the skin, and in some persons becomes a painful swelling, and even troublesome ulcers. This is intended to give an idea of the structure and habits of mosquitoes in general, and not of any particular species. Our mosquitoes belong to the genera *Anopheles* and *Culex*, but they do not seem to have been thoroughly studied, and there is much confusion among naturalists concerning them.—American Naturalist.

[C] Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, the rich dry goods merchant, of New York, is about to devote \$1,000,000 to the building of small tenement houses for the use of the working classes in that city.

[C] A girl lately escaped from a band of Gypsies at Jeromeville, Ashland county, Ohio. She says that she was taken along, some four years ago, by a band of Gypsies from her home, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The Gypsies had her captive all the time, keeping her either confined in a wagon, or in such places that she could not hold communication with any person outside of the Gypsy band.

[C] Girls may be cleaned thus: Wrap a cloth around your finger, dip it in new milk, then rub on face and rub the glove lightly.

In all the above operations, the glove must be on the hand.

[C] A money-lender, being about to marry a fortune, a friend asked him how long the honeymoon would last. "Don't tell me of the honeymoon," he replied; "it is the honeymoon with me."

[C] Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote some verses for Fox to present to the Emperor of Russia, and they are published in the St. Petersburg Tribune, duly entitled to "Oliver Wendell Holmes."

[C] Hearing a physician remark that a small child would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed:

"Well, I suppose about that. I've broken my nose a great number of times, and I've never broken it."

[C] Francis Joseph's family is styled the House of Habsburg.

HOME VISIONS.

I have gone—I cannot always go, you know:
But 'tis so—
Home across the distant ridges of the years
With my tears,
And the old house, standing still in the old
ground.

There I found.

In the parlor, in my fancy, I could trace
Father's face;
And my mother, with her old accustomed air,
Hitting there;
Whilst beside them, brothers, sisters, true and
good,
Silent stood.

Through the stillness swam the song of summer
bird,
And there stirred
On the wall the leaf-flecked sunshine; and its
glow.

Faded slow:
But, from all the loving lips I watched around,
Not a sound.

Then I went up-stairs, slow entering 'mid their
ghooses.
All the rooms;

And I trod with softest step along the floors,
Opened doors;
But I never heard a voice or met a soul
In the whole.

Of the breaths that stirred the draperies to and
fro
Long ago—
Of the eyes that through the casements used to
peep
Out of sleep—
Of the feet that in those chambers used to run—
Now are none.

Of the sunshine pouring downward from the sky,
Blue and high—
Of the leafage and the ancient garden plot,
Brown and hot—
Of the streamlet, and the shingle, and the tide—
These abide.

But beyond the azure vaulting overhead
Are my dead.
Though their graves were dug apart in many
lands,
Joining hands,
They have gathered, and are waiting till I come
That is Home. A. N.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ISLAND OF INCHMALLOW.

John English, walking up from Normanford to Cliff Cottage on Thursday evening, was overtaken by Brackenridge. "Your purpose still holds good, I suppose, to go off to the island to-morrow?" said the latter after the usual greetings. "You could not have more favorable weather—mild and bright, no frost."

"I have not forgotten my promise," said John, "and I certainly intend to keep it."

"I have arranged for a boat to be ready for you at half-past ten, as agreed on," said the chemist. "For myself, I am going from home to-morrow, and shall not be back for nearly a week."

A mild and genial morning was that of Friday, less bright and sunny than the mornings of several preceding days had been, and John English's practiced eye told him that a change of weather was impending. "It will hold fair till I get back," he said, as he scanned the clouds again, "and then set off at a rapid pace on his way to Finger Bay. The distance was only six miles and a half, and that was no thing of a walk to John English.

He had got beyond the toll-bar on the Eastingham road—beyond the toll-bar, but not quite so far as the lodge of Ashleigh Park, when he heard the approaching clatter of hoofs on the hard road behind him. He did not look round, but the sound ceased close at his elbow, and a voice that thrived him, a voice that he loved to hear better than any other in the world, addressed him. "Mr. English, of all people in the world! Why have you been so long without coming to see us at Belair?"

John turned, and took the little hand so frankly, and bared his head for a moment, as his long brown fingers closed softly over it.

"Do you not know," he said, "that I received a polite message from Lady Spencelaugh several weeks ago?"

"I know nothing of the kind," replied Frederica, "neither can I in any way account for such treatment. Sir Philip had asked after you several times, and I was obliged to put him off with some vague excuse, being myself at a loss to understand why you had never come up to Belair since the last occasion on which you dined there."

"You cannot be more of a loss than I am, Miss Spencelaugh, to account for my sudden absence."

"It cannot be accounted for," said Frederica. "But Lady Spencelaugh is mistress of her own house, and has the privilege of doing as she likes in such cases. Is not enough of an unpleasant topic. Will you take a commission from me, Mr. English?"

John signified how happy he would make him to do so.

"I want you to obtain for me a complete set of your latest photographs, and Frederica."

"What day can we get them for me?"

"I shall have to write to London for them, and can hardly get them down before Tuesday."

"On Tuesday, then, I shall expect them. But do not send them up to the Hall. Mr. English, bring them yourself—that is, if you are not otherwise engaged. On Tuesday between eleven and three, remember. And now I must bid you good morning, for my way lies down here to Ashleigh Park."

"One word before you go," said John. "Sir Philip Spencelaugh—is he better than when I saw him last?"

Frederica's dark eyes turned on John with a almost tearful look. "He is not," she said, her head nodding. "He is not better," she said. "He never leaves the house now. I dare not trust myself to see more. Adieu."

John stood one speech-bound till the last. Voice of Frederica's yet was low among the trees. He had seen her again, and she had smiled kindly on him; and he was to see her again the following week—so ran the sly burden of his thoughts, as he went on his way.

through lane, and coppice, and solitary by-paths where no human being seemed to have been for years, till the ocean burst suddenly on his view, and there below him was Finger Bay, with a man pacing the beach, and a tiny boat moored to the rocks. John found a rude footway, by which he scrambled down to the shore; and on approaching, was surprised to find that the man he had seen was none other than Jerry Winch. "Brackenridge has surely never sent him to row me across to the island!" muttered John to himself.

"Good-morning, Jerry," he said as he drew near. "What are you doing at this out-of-the-way spot?"

The lad took off his conical hat, and gave one of his sweeping old-fashioned bows. "Jerry is here to row the gentleman across to Inchmallow," he said.

"I was not aware that the art of rowing was among your accomplishments," said John.

"Jerry knows how to row," said the lad quietly. "He has been to Inchmallow often with people in summer-time to see the races. He could find his way there and back in the dark."

"In that case, we will start at once," said John as he led the way to the boat. He was fond of rowing, and the anticipated pleasure of a good pull had been one great inducement for making the excursion; stripping off his coat, he now took the stroke-oar, and having pulled out into deep water, Jerry set the boat's head for Inchmallow, which was only just visible this morning through the haze.

A long silent pull through the green water, swelling as gently just now as any summer sea, for there had been nearly a month of fine weather—silent, because Jerry was not talkative at the best of times, and in the presence of the great magician, which he believed John to be, it was not to be expected that he should speak except when spoken to; while John's thoughts were too bright and busy for him to care about conversation. Once or twice, while John rested on his oar for a moment, Jerry's hand wandered into the folds of his waistcoat, to feel whether the amulet, which Brackenridge had lent him as a safeguard against the machinations of the dread Katafanga, was still safe. It hung by a ribbon round his neck; and the charm itself, whatever it might be, was stretched up with variegated silks in a piece of sealkin, which smelt strongly of spices and strange drugs. Armed with the potent safeguard, Jerry felt tolerably brave, and went through the duties of the occasion without falling into a state of nervous incapacity, which was what the chemist had dreaded more than anything else.

After a time, the mainland began to look dim and distant through the haze; and the little rocky island of Inchmallow rose pleasantly to view out of the green waste of waters. Jerry steered the boat into a little sheltered cove, and made it fast to a large boulder, and then John stepped ashore. Whatever might have been its state of cultivation at some far-distant time, the island was now wild and desolate enough to have suited the tastes of the most unusual of hermits. It was only about a mile and a quarter in circumference, but the irregularities of its surface made it seem much larger. On three sides, it presented a jagged, irregular frontage of rocks to the sea, known to the seafarers of the island as "The Shark's Toes," and ranging from ten to fifty feet above high-water mark. These rocks were fringed with a thick growth of stunted shrubs and bushes, all torn inland from the rough winter winds. The ground inside this rocky barrier was thick carpeted with long coarse grass, and dipped down towards a central hollow, sheltered, warm, where lay the ruins of the hermitage.

John English, standing on the fragment of a broken pillar, took in the features of the scene. Here and there, a portion of a wall was still standing, with one or two doorways, and part of a small circular tower, with a winding staircase inside, leading originally to a belfry, or, it might be, to a look-out across the sea, but beyond the arch of the Chapel window, which had been spoken of by Brackenridge, and which, though small in size, was of exquisite design, there was nothing worthy of John's pencil. He had brought his materials with him, and he sat down at once on the broken pillar, and began to sketch the window. An hour or two with his pipe in his mouth, and his sketch-book under his arm, he wandered slowly back towards the shore. With the completion of his task, his thoughts had flown back to Frederica, and it was rather by instinct than by the exercise of any other faculty, that he retraced his way to the shingly cove where he had landed. The sea was at his feet; he brought himself back by an effort from the delicious dreamland in which he had been wandering, and looked around.

Jerry and the boat were gone.

But gone whence? John scrambled up on to a pinnacle of rock close by, and looked steadily around. There was nothing to be seen but the water in front of him, and the desolate island behind, and over everything the gray mist, growing graver and denser as the day advanced—but nowhere either Jerry or the boat. John called aloud. "Jerry! Jerry! Winch! Where are you?" And then he waited breathlessly, but there came no response. The foolish fellow had grown tired with waiting, and had gone round to some other point of the island, he thought. John was nothing but a boy, but the water is front of him, and the desolate island behind, and over everything the gray mist, growing graver and denser as the day advanced—but nowhere either Jerry or the boat. John called aloud. "Jerry! Jerry! Winch! Where are you?" And then he waited breathlessly, but there came no response.

The fourth day. Sunday. No change, except that the fog seemed a little lighter than on the previous day. John kept up his exercises, but was obliged to rest longer and more frequently than before. He caught himself once or twice walking up from a sort of half-sleep as he walked, in which he had forgotten where he was, and had fancied himself going about an ordinary street at Normanford. That feeling of ravenous hunger which had tormented him so much previously, now came on at intervals only; but in the stead he was racked with strange pains, which caught him suddenly, and tortured him almost beyond endurance for a time, and then left him as unexpectedly as they had come.

John was awakened before daybreak on the morning of the fifth day by the loud thunder of the waves as they broke on the rocky shore of the little island. He crept out of his den, and descended his way down to the beach. The fog was still as thick as ever, and the morning was perfectly calm, but a heavy sea was rolling grandly in with the morning tide, and John knew at once there had been a great storm out on the Atlantic, perhaps a thousand miles away, of which these angry waves were the only traces that would reach so far. His hunger this morning was so extreme that he could not help giv-

ing way to it a little by indulging in a double allowance of wine and biscuit; but even with this assistance, he found himself considerably weaker than he had yet been, and could only get through about half the amount of exercise he had set himself to do. Once he fancied himself with Sir Philip Spencelaugh, walking in the great park of Belair; and when he shook off the hallucination, and came back to the reality of his position, he could not stir the sob that burst from his heart. Sometimes he would murmur to himself, half aloud: "I shall die, and she will never know how truly I have loved her."

But beyond that he was silent. Nearly three hours of this day were devoted by him to writing down in his pocket-book an account of how he came to be left on the island; and after that, he gave a brief outline of his history from childhood; concluding with the narration, in as few words as possible, of what had happened to him, affecting his personal history, since his arrival at Normanford. He also gave the addresses of two friends who were to be written to, and who would see to the proper disposal of his remains. He sat for a long time when his task was done, musing sadly, on a sheltered seat he had found among the rocks on the beach; watching, with thoughts that were far away, the great green waves rolling in with a regularity that was grand from its very monotony. He felt now as though he had almost done with earth—as though he were at liberty to turn his thoughts to higher subjects; but through all his musings the image of Frederica moved, serene and beautiful, leading his mind upward, even as Dante was led by saintly Beatrice, to heights, sweet and solemn, fragrant with airs from Heaven, where earthly tempests never rave.

He sat thus till the afternoon began to darken, and then he rose and waded slowly towards the cove; but his cramps came on by the way, and he was obliged to sit down, and wait in silent agony till they left him. It seemed to him, today, that all the way as he walked back to the rules he was followed by a ghostly monk—a monk in a black robe, and sandals shorn, who walked behind him with bowed head, counting his beads; stopping when John stopped; starting again the instant that he started; never looking up, but going through his rosary slowly, head by head, and then beginning afresh.

Although John knew that it was merely a delusion of his own weakened sense, he could not resist the shudder that ran through him whenever he glanced over his shoulder, and saw the dark weird figure following noiselessly behind—and such backward glances were very frequent; his head seemed to go round without any will of his own in the matter. He turned and confronted the figure, and it stood motionless with downcast head, except that its fingers were still busy with its beads. He advanced towards it, and as he did so, it retreated, still keeping the same relative distance between them. He tried once or twice, by stopping suddenly, to catch the light pitpat of its footfall—if it had any; but the very instant that John stepped, it stopped, and was evidently not to be caught by so palpable a device. Half laughing, half shuddering at the figure, and it stood motionless with downcast head, except that its fingers were still busy with its beads. 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To which Mr. Duplessis makes answer that he has been laid up at home ever since Tuesday with the tic something-or-other in his face; but that he is better now; and then they go off together to look at the big vine in the conservatory."

"Mr. Duplessis made no mention to Mr. Philip of any lady, I suppose?" said Jane.

"Any lady! No. Why should he? He wouldn't care to talk much about any other lady than Miss Frederica, I guess; and she doesn't care two-pence about him."

"Then she has not quite learned to love him yet?"

"No, nor never will, for all he's so handsome and smiling—I don't think Mr. Duplessis ever mentions a word to her about love or marriage, but goes on trying to win her, as I call it, without letting her know that she is being won. It reminds me of the way my brother Dick used to catch sparrows, which, as everybody knows, are avialable birds. They would hop round the trap with their heads pecked on one side, as if they knew all about it, but always getting nearer and nearer, till they grew so familiar with the danger as almost to despise it, but still resolute not to enter; till at once, and before they knew what was the master, they would find the trap dropped gently over them, and their last chance of escape gone. Now, for all the world, that's just like Mr. Duplessis and Miss Frederica."

"On the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of that week," said Jane to herself, when Kitty had come to a stand for want of breath, "Mr. Duplessis was not inclined to his house by himself, but was hansom and forward here in attendance on Madame. He said, when he took her away, that he was going to take her on a visit to some friends. It is very evident that among those friends the person of Belair is not included. Where do those friends live, I wonder? and to what place has he taken her?"

It was on the night of this same Sunday that Jane Garrod first dreamed about Madame Mariane. She thought that she was following her along a gloomy and tortuous road, that wound in and out among great desolate hills and thunderous cliffs, until suddenly the woman before her disappeared in a hidden gulf; and as Jane started back with a cry of horror, the face of Duplessis rose close before her own, the handsome features distorted with a grin of fiendish triumph, and the forehead flushed with a streak of blood.

Jane awoke trembling with affright, and slept no more that night. On the Monday and Tuesday nights following, she had precisely the same dream; and other omens were not wanting. On the Monday evening, a wandering tinker called at the station-house, who ground and sharpened Jane's scissors; but when, in the afternoon, Jane wanted to make use of them, she found that they would not cut—an infallible sign that something had happened to somebody. Then, again on the third morning of her dream, as she was looking out of her bedroom window while dressing, she saw a black cat on the station-wall—a black cat of portentous size, which turned and bit its own tail three times, and then leaped down and disappeared. Neither Abel nor the lame porter saw this cat, nor was any such animal known to exist in the neighborhood.

If Jane Garrod had heard any one term her a superstitious woman, she would have scouted the imputation indignantly; but she had been brought up in a part of the country, and among people, where implicit credence was placed in dreams, omens, and portents; and the influences of early training were not easily eradicated.

Jane averted, even to herself, to attach no weight to the strange dream which she had dreamed three nights successively; but, in addition to the other omens spoken of above, it doubtless served to develop more rapidly a purpose which had been slowly ripening in her mind for some time; and so another uneventful week drew to a close.

On Saturday morning, Jane announced her intention of going over to Fairwood to make her usual monthly purchases of groceries and other household stores. Fairwood is eight miles from Kingsborough; and Jane's practice was to walk over early in the morning—for she was country-bred, and thought nothing of the distance to spend the day in making her purchases, and in paying brief visits to sundry old friends, returning home with her people in the barrier's cart late in the afternoon; and from this custom she did not intend to deviate in the present instance. She had not forgotten that the high-backed chair in which Mr. Duplessis took his sister over from the station had struck her at the time as being the property of Lake Grayling, landlady of the Silver Lion at Fairwood. Now, Lake's wife and Jane Garrod had been schoolmates together, and the latter never visited Fairwood without calling at the Silver Lion, where a hearty welcome always awaited her, and an invitation to what ever meal might be in progress at the time—and there generally was some meal in progress, call when you might, at the Silver Lion.

On this particular Saturday, Jane contrived to get through her shopping and visiting earlier than usual, so as to be home for the three o'clock tea, in which Mrs. Grayling always indulged on Saturdays, as a meal that came in readily in the interval between the country business of the morning and the town custom of the evening. Mrs. Grayling greeted her old friend warmly, and the two were presently seated at the tea-table, gossiping over times past and present. Jane did not exactly know her way to bring round the conversation to the wished-for point; but a remark made by her hostess at length enabled her to lead up to it without exposing herself to bring questions on a topic respecting which she would just then much rather be silent.

"I suppose we shall have a grand wedding before long," said Mrs. Grayling, "between the Mr. Duplessis and the young lady at Belair?"

"That's more than I can say," replied Jane.

"Have you ever seen Mr. Duplessis?"

"Only once, and that was a month ago, last Thursday," answered the landlady; "and a right nose-making gentleman he is. He comes early in the afternoon, and hires our new gig and the grey mare, and drives away in a style which showed that he knew how to handle the reins. I should most likely have asked him his name, for one doesn't like troubling one's host home to a stranger, however fine he may be dressed; only my brother's lad, who was in the station at Belair before he came to the Silver Lion, knew him again in a moment, and says he to me: 'That's Mr. Duplessis of Lilac Lodge—him as is going to marry the rich Miss Frederica.' So when I heard that, I just slipped on my best cap, and ran down into the yard—for Lake was out—to see that everything was right for him; and most polite and affable he was."

"He brought back the horse and gig a'ight, and without accident, I suppose?" said Jane.

"Bless you, yes. He got back the same night about seven o'clock. He came back the same as he went—alone. I thought he looked rather pale and excited-like; and I noticed that one of his gloves was split right across the back, and that his hat damaged a little; and that his light overcoat, which on his return, he was buttoned close up about his neck, seemed on one side as if it had been dragged along a dirty road; but he accounted for all that naturally enough by saying that he had been out with some friends, one of whom had taken rather too much wine, and had afterwards got larking, and damaged and torn his coat and coats of the others all round. He laughed heartily while he was telling me, and said something about bright eyes and a pretty cap, which made my color come so that I ran back into the house, leaving the boulder to settle with him; and I didn't see him again."

Jane Garrod sipped her tea, and pondered in silence for a minute or two over what she had just heard.

"But the strangest part of the story is yet to come," said Mrs. Grayling after a short pause, bending over the table, and speaking in a whisper. "I haven't spoken about it to a soul, though it has troubled my mind a good deal; even Luke doesn't know of it; and I wouldn't mention it to you, Jane Garrod, if I didn't know of old that you are a woman who can keep a secret."

Mrs. Grayling rose from her chair as she spoke, and having turned the key in the door, went to a cupboard in one corner of the room, and took from it a work-box, which she unlocked, and drawing something from a secret drawer, held up the article for Jane to look at.

"A woman's blood-stained handkerchief!" exclaimed Mrs. Grayling in a whisper, "marked in one corner with the name of 'Marie.' It was found by Tim the boulder under the seat of the gig, the day after Mr. Duplessis was here."

Jane felt all the color desert her cheeks as she gazed in silent horror at the handkerchief, knowing well whose property it had been.

"There is this fact to be borne in mind," said Mrs. Grayling after she had returned the handkerchief to its hiding place—"that the girl had been used, as one of a number of other conveyances, at a large picnic, the day before Mr. Duplessis hired it, and had not been thoroughly cleaned between times; and it's likely as not, I think, that the handkerchief belonged to one of the young ladies who were at the party, though how it came to be in that condition, of course I can't say. Anyhow, both Tim and I agreed to say nothing about it—that is, unless we heard of somebody being missing; for, you see, we might only get innocent folk into trouble, and then our master's not after all, and altogether it's an unpleasant thing to have anything to do with."

"I think that you're right," said Jane. "But I would keep the handkerchief carefully by me some day, when you least expect such a thing, as it may be wanted at your hands."

The Kingsborough carrier that evening set down Jane Garrod at a very poor inn, in a despicable, neighborly group in the opinion, unfeigned, of the passengers of the way; but, for once, even the vicinity of the town seemed pleasant to her; and the presence of the pale, gloomy, preoccupied woman, who responded to all his observations monosyllabically, and who looked, as he said to himself, "as if she had got a number on her head"; and she was not sorry when he set her down at her own door, and jogged on his way alone.

CHAPTER XXII.

JANE GARROD'S VISIT.

Abel Garrod was struck next day with the pale, anxious looks of his wife, and thought to himself that she was going to talk over to her, which was to decide a life or tenancy, in his opinion, to make life duller than it need be.

But, well or ill, Jane went to church twice that Sunday—not to the church of Normandie, only half a mile away, thinking, perhaps, thereby to earn her thoughts, and tranquillize her mind. But, for mass, the service took no hold on her, the words seeming to find their way about her head, though so adressed to quite other ears than hers. Do what she might, her thoughts would have to do with certain hidden hidden sigs in the landlady's workbox at Fairwood; and whatever way she turned, she seemed to see before her Marie's pale, frightened face, as she had seen it in that last moment ere it passed from her sight for ever. Monday was spent by Jane in a sort of inward struggle—the whole of the day, and far into the night, and Abel waiting up some time in the dark hours, bound his wife to bed and in the bedroom, and heard her muttering strange words to herself.

"I can't bear no longer," she said; "I must go on with it. An insatiable hand draws me forward, and I cannot resist. Oh, why was not this test given to another?"

Abel marvelled greatly, but being wise in his own full way, used no questions, and presented to be asleep.

Any one going from Kingsborough to Fairwood will have the choice of two roads by which to travel. The old road is straggling and hilly, but, in general, level, and winds prettily along for a mile or two of the way, close to the high cliffs which shut out the sea on that part of the coast. By it, the distance between the two places is eleven miles and a half. The new road is direct, more or less, and the old road, though it makes the distance to Fairwood but eight miles and a quarter, adds to the trouble between the two places, for Fairwood is now reached by the railway. About half a mile before reaching Fairwood, the two roads meet, and here merge into one, and are both joined by the road from Berryhill and other inland towns, of which mention a bell-tower has been judiciously placed with a thoughtful eye on the postes of all, not being bad passengers who may chance to come or go by out of the two routes. By the guidance of an old woman who administered the office of collector at the toll-booth, Jane Garrod on the afternoon of Tuesday Jane's visit was made with a purpose, but she was too anxious to let the old man—with whom she had one of these states of the weaker vessel—see her face apart in uneasy places—out past any thing of the kind. During the summer and autumn months, the old man had generally a score of mild ginger-beer in thick stone bottles, not out of his room, for the solacement of thin-walled visitors; and Jane, when she reached the gate this afternoon, had the old man good day, and them added to be supplied with a bottle

of the beverage in question; and sat down in the room's porch, that she might rest herself, and discuss it with the amount of leisure regulation for its proper appreciation. The afternoon was close and warm for the time of the year, and Jane was really tired with her long walk.

"It's a long tramp, Mrs. Garrod, all the way from Kingsborough, at your time of life—not that you be so very old either," said Matthew, as he drew the cork with a trembling hand.

"Ay, that it is," answered Jane; "and I never walk it without wishing I could afford to keep my carriage and ride like a lady. It would be pleasant, now, to have Luke Grayling's gig on such a day as this. A nice trap to ride in—I daresay you know it?"

"Ay, I know the trap you mean well now," said Matthew. "It has been through this gate more than once, or twice, either."

"It's not much used, I think, except for picnics and pleasure-parties," said Jane.

"I don't know about that," said Matthew. "I seen it with a young couple in it going a-pleasure, more than once; and then, again, I seen it 'other way. Why, no longer ago than last Thursday-night was a month, about half a six, a gig drawn up in it all alone, and the man I clapped eyes on it, I knew it was Luke Grayling's turn-out." And where be you sprung from? said to myself. You came down this road from Kingsborough, but I never seen you go that way this morning." And then I saw that he must have gone round by Leavenworth, which would account for my not seeing him pass my way. While I was turning the master over in my mind, the gent paid me the toll, and had given a fair start again, when he turned the horse's head round, and drove back. "I've had a spell," said he to me, "and got into the mud. I don't like going into Fairwood this figure; and if you can find me some soap and water, and a clothes-brush, and will hold my horse for five minutes, I'll give you half-a-crown for your trouble." Now, it isn't every day that I've the chance of earning half-a-crown in five minutes; so I nodded my head to him, and got him the soap and water; and then he got down from the gig, and I saw that his hands and face were all muddy, and his hat crushed, and his coat dirty into the bargain. So I minded the horse, while he driveth himself up to a halt, and then, as he mounted his half-a-crown all right, and driveth off, and never clapt eye on his since."

"Some young speck, most likely, who didn't know how to drive properly," said Jane.

"Not so young, either," said the old man. "About forty, I should take him to be. A fine, handsome gent as ever I see; eyes very bright, and a clear complexion; and a dark-colored overcoat buttoned up to his throat. He seemed to me to look very white and ill; he had hardly hurt himself with falling out of the trap, though how he could fall out, I can't think. He asked me whether I had any brandy in the house; but I told him I had only ginger-beer, and wanted him to try a bottle, but he only laughed, and shook his head, and said it was no master."

The old man had nothing more to tell; and bidding him good-by, Jane went on her way to Fairwood, from which place she booked herself by coach to Berryhill, and went home thence by rail.

She was up and doing next morning an hour before her usual time, so as to get through her household work as early as possible, anxiously considering meanwhile what her next step might be. Now that she had thoroughly made up her mind to go through with this matter, she was determined not to flinch from anything that might lead to it. She felt, indeed, as though she were being led by a will other than, and superior to, her own. The one point of the case, as then stood, was which her mind most persistently dwelt, embodied itself in the following proposition:

Mr. Duplessis left Kingsborough, in company with his sister at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, taking the coast-road, probably as being more frequented than the other—road which has no less than 150 miles leading to anywhere, except to one or two solitary sheep farms among the hills. He did not reach the toll-bar till half-past six, and then alone, and with evident traces of a struggle on his clothes and person. Allowing an hour and a half as ample time for the drive between the two places, how was Mr. Duplessis employed during the remainder of the time, and what had become of Madame in the interim?

On the road itself, if anywhere she must look for the further enforcement of the sentence, whose dread presence haunted her by day and night,

she set not an hour as the early dinner was over, necessarily calm and impulsive as ever, but trembling inwardly with vague fears, that grew in proportion to the vagueness of her search. For when she put the question directly to herself, "What am I going to do for her?" she could only reply, "I do not know, and I dare not guess; but I feel that I must go on till the end, even though I should never have peace of mind again."

The old man—indeed accustomed to Fairwood turned sharply to the left about a mile from a Kingsborough station, becoming all at once master and passenger, and driving on to the toll-bar, which was close to the sea on that part of the coast. By it, the distance between the two places is eleven miles and a quarter, adding to the trouble between the two places, for Fairwood is now reached by the railway. About half a mile before reaching Fairwood, the two roads meet, and here merge into one, and are both joined by the road from Berryhill and other inland towns, of which mention a bell-tower has been judiciously placed with a thoughtful eye on the postes of all, not being bad passengers who may chance to come or go by out of the two routes. By the guidance of an old woman who administered the office of collector at the toll-booth, Jane Garrod on the afternoon of Tuesday Jane's visit was made with a purpose, but she was too anxious to let the old man—with whom she had one of these states of the weaker vessel—see her face apart in uneasy places—out past any thing of the kind. During the summer and autumn months, the old man had generally a score of mild ginger-beer in thick stone bottles, not out of his room, for the solacement of thin-walled visitors; and Jane, when she reached the gate this afternoon, had the old man good day, and them added to be supplied with a bottle

traversed the old coach-road as far as the first stone-wall without discovering the slightest token such as she half-expected yet dreaded to find. When she had got about half-way on her return, she felt compelled to sit down and rest for a few minutes; anxiety of mind seemed of late to have weakened her bodily strength. She knew the point from which the finest view on the whole road could be obtained, and as she sat now close to it, she made for it instinctively. It was the headland called Martell's Leap. It stood boldly out from the ordinary cliff-line on that part of the coast, and was clothed at its summit with short fine grass, while its white scarp front had an almost perpendicular fall of more than two hundred feet to the bouldered sand beach below. It was called "Martell's Leap," because, as the story ran, more than a century before, a certain Squire Martell rode his horse over the brink in a fit of madness, and was dashed to pieces at the foot of the cliff.

Jane sat down on the grass close to the edge of the cliff.

"I daresay you know it?" said Jane.

"Yes, I know the trap you mean well now," said Matthew.

"Now, Seraphina, were you ever married to A. Man?"

"Married to A. Man—Married to A. Man, in March, of last year?"

"Yes, madame; I am married to A. Man, in March, of last year?"

"Putting on a thoughtful air, Seraphina answered—

"No, Mr. Bray, I was not married to A. Man in March of any year."

"Singular," said the lawyer. "But about your child, madame, was it not born in January, of this year?"

"No, Mr. Bray," said Seraphina, in a reflective tone. "It was not born in January."

"Well, madame, were you not married to A. Man in April?"

"In April, did you say, Mr. Bray?"

"I said in April," was the sharp response.

Rising into his reflective mood again, he responded—

"No, Mr. Bray, I was not married to A. Man in April."

"Very strange—very strange, indeed; a mistake somewhere," growled Mr. Bray, looking over his nose and glancing angrily at the Board witness. He concluded, "I presume you will admit that you married A. Man, Abel Man, in May of last year, and that your child was born in February of this year, madame?"

"Some young speck, most likely, who didn't know how to drive properly?"

"Just what I said, and exactly what I mean, Mr. Bray."

"Ha, ha, we shall see," muttered Mr. Bray, and then burst forth again—

"Was your child born in the following March, then?"

"Born in March, Mr. Bray?"

"Yes, in March! March! March!" bellowed Mr. Bray, with a furious thump of the fist at each repetition. Seraphina cast down her eyes meditatively and then very leisurely, in an abstracted sort of manner, answered—

"No, Mr. Bray, it did not March, March, March late the world at that time."

"You seem to forget, Madame Smart, that you are now upon your birth-mark," retorted Bray, irritated beyond endurance by the negative nature of her responses.

"No, Mr. Bray, I do not forget my oath, although you seem to be trying very hard to make me think that it is of no account."

"You are like a parrot, Smart."

"And you like a donkey, Bray."

"Oh," replied the lawyer, sarcastically, "indeed?" He tried again—

"One more question, Seraphina Smart. Since you were not married to A. Man—Abel Man, in March, nor in April, nor in May, will you be bold enough to tell me when you did marry A. Man?"

"When I did marry A. Man, Abel Man, in May?"

"For Madame, when you did, madame?" thundered the indignant Bray, and will you please care to inform the court, the counsel and the jury when your child was born?"

"With the looks of her poplin skirt, while a mere gleam flashed from her blue eyes and illuminated her pithless thoughtful countenance, her answer shall be as plain as you questions are direct. It affords me much pleasure to say that my child is not yet born, and—which is perhaps the chief point of interest—I did not marry A. Man, Abel Man, or any other man."

The court took a recess without delay.

Singular Cholera Phenomenon.

A few weeks since an English paper made a statement concerning a blue stain which was sold as a remedy for the contagion of cholera.

We see by the following paragraph that the same phenomenon has been observed in this country.

Some physicians in Nashville, Tenn., believe that during the height of the cholera contagion in that city a many blue vapor, hardly visible without a microscope, was seen hanging over the river, being driven by the wind, and appearing to consist of a mass of smoke.

This phenomenon was not generally observed except at certain points, and was considered as a singular phenomenon.

This statement agrees with that of other cities, according to Memphis, and believed always present in the places where cholera was prevalent.

Memphis, a seacoast town, being situated on a narrow isthmus between two rivers, the Mississippi and the Tennessee, has been subject to cholera.

At Memphis, as in other cities, the disease has been prevalent during the summer months, and has been followed by a series of violent convulsions.

At the commencement of the disease, the patients have been seized with violent convulsions, and have been unable to move, and have been found dead in their beds.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Stage Nonsense.

We were speaking to a friend the other day respecting the merits of a "celebrated tragedian," when he had occasion to comment on the rest of the stage—the loud shouting, the outrageous gestures, the furious rolling of the eyes, the stride, sword that rattle in the belt, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of the modern drama.

"Funny this style carried into real life. On being introduced to a lady you would say, throwing yourself into a splendid attitude—

"Most gracious madam, on my knees I greet you," impressively placing your right hand on your heart.

To a creditor who would not pay:

"Fraudulent knave! payest thou me not? By vender out that black in the zenith, thee will I sue, and then shall see thy impious name flaming the street on posters huge."

At dinner:

"Now by my soul and my highest hopes, these beans are royal. Were I Jupiter, beans should grace each royal banqueting-table. What, ho! waiter, bring hither more beans!"

To your wife:

"Madam, beware thou dost excite me not; also being too hot with wrath, I do myself some harm. A needle, here—a button on that shirt—and see it instantly performed. Do it! Now leave the task to me."

To your butler:

"Thou engrossing drayman of bovines, send me some mutton, and some beef; and mark well I let it be tender than love and softer than the bairn's rare burden. I would die to-day."

To a friend:

"Excuse a rash intrusion on your grace, but cast thou in thy box a portion of that plant, ranked by the botanist among the great novelties!" Or, "Most noble friend, will thou partake with me some strong Rhabion? Then look dull to-day; 'twill cheer thy sinking heart."

Reply—"Oh, noble soul! also, not all the wine of Bacchusian revels could ease the sorrows here! here!" (Left breast struck several times.) Oh, what a foul and arrant knave am I, the very sport of fortune."

This is scarcely more ridiculous than three-quarters of the stage nonsense.

Hints to Farmers.

What Hors to Use.—In planting or hoeing corn, use the ordinary horse in general use. Neither the India rubber horse nor cotton horse would be an acquired in a cornfield, no more would one of Hoe's eight-cylinder press.

How to Hold the Plough.—Don't try to hold it out at arm's length. You can't do it.

If you haven't a plough of your own, get out an attachment on your neighbor's who owes you. Any justice will tell you whether you can lend it or not.

How to Keep Corn.—The best place to keep corn in is a good sun-house, though some prefer to keep it in the granary—in the junc. If they don't keep corn they keep corn.

Frogs and Frogs.—Good feeding is essential on a farm. G is a good "fanning master" to earn you. You can't repair a worn fence by taking vermin. Neither can you cut good white wash brushes out of brush fences.

To Help your Horses in Winter.—Get fire to them.

To Draw Lands.—Drink whisky, and spend all your time at the village tavern. This will draw you all your lands in a short time.

To Make Stone Pavers.—Rip up parts of white oak and cedar. This is the recognized stone fence; the more you lay of it the more it will last.

Every Way to Draw Sea Lions.—Draw them on a piece of paper with a crayon pencil. After a little practice you will be able to "draw" the largest and of sea lions in packing boxes.

Pork.—Feeding three is of no use in packing pork. In curing hams the time varies. Hams that have got trichina can't be cured at all.

How to Mrs. Murphy?

A native of the Emerald Isle found his way into the Health Office, and addressing the clerk, said—

"Is this the Health Office?"

Clerk.—Yes, sir. Can I do anything for you?

Hesitator.—Yes, I would like you to tell me how Mrs. Murphy is getting on. The last time I heard from her she was suffering from the rheumatism.

Clerk.—I cannot tell you anything about her health.

Hesitator.—Bad news to us thin, why do you purport to take a Health Office, if you can give no information?

And without waiting for a reply he departed in high dudgeon.

Satiated his Appetite with Soap.

A hungry Irishman, not long since, in London, breaking a barber's shop for an eating house, belied and begged to be served. The barber, supposing, from the length of his beard, that he wished to be shaved, knocked up a basin of soaps, and passing it before him, with a wash ball in it, went backward to get the razor. Far without waiting for shave, stepped up the counter and swallowed the wash ball, and, on the barber's returning with the razor, safely observed:

"There is no occasion for a knife, however poor soap is very good, but your razor was not quite bad enough." So, paying the money, he broke the astonished barber's shop.

Stuart.—An Irish boy, trying hard to get a place, declared that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean, by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about to hire him. "but this I do know, that you were born in Ireland."

"Och! your honor, if that's all, small blame that. Suppose your old one had known the crew, would they be leaves of bread?"

The boy got the place.

Heavy Practices.—Lady.—Mr. —— is really a wretched practitioner.

Husband.—My dear, he is one of the most sound Orthodox practitioners I know.

Lady.—He may be very Orthodox, but he is very heavy.

Husband.—Gold is heavy.

Lady.—Yes, but gold is bright.



SEASONABLE LUXURY.

OLD GENT (disgusted).—Here, waiter! Here's a—here's a—caterpillar in this chop!"

WAITER (sippily).—Yessir. About the time of year for 'em just now, sir."

SOUL SCULPTORS.

A thousand little sculptures
Are working day by day,
To carve, with tiny chisels,
A block of living clay.

Each little stroke is given
To beauty or mar;
One grace adds every sculptor,
Or leaves an ugly scar.

Mow is the clay that's fashioned—
Oh, watchful let me be!
For every thought, a sculptor,
Carves for eternity!

Singular Birds.

Some curious birds were encountered by Dr. Livingstone in his travels in southern Africa. One of them is called the "honey guide." It almost seems to have caught it that all men, white or black, are fond of honey, and the instant one of them gets a glimpse of a man he means to greet him with an invitation to come to a bee-hive and taste some honey. He flies in the proper direction and perches on a tree, and looks back to see if the man is following, then on to another and another, till the spot is reached. If the first invitation is not accepted, he follows with pressing importunities, quite as anxious to have the stranger to the bee-hive as other birds are to draw him away from their own nests. It never deserts, but always leads the way to some hive. Equally remarkable in its intelligence is the bird that guards the buffalo and rhinoceros. The grass is often so dense and tall that one could go close up to these animals quite unperceived, but the guardian bird, sitting on the breast, sees the approach of danger, opens its wings and screams, which causes the animal to charge to rush off from a few feet. He neither sees nor heard. For the reward the vigilante little watcher has the pick of the carcass of his fat friend.

How to Hold the Plough.—Don't try to hold it out at arm's length. You can't do it.

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Lady.—Yes, but gold is bright.

ing lime, would no more promote fertility, or a better growth of plants, than an equal quantity of brick dust.

Here are some of the actual and evident offices of lime. Changing its condition and uniting with a form of potash, the allied powers become a powerful solvent of silica, promoting thereby a rapid growth of all the straws in grain, stalks in corn, broom corn and the canes, as well as the majority of the grasses. Hence its merit when applied to light, sandy soils. By fixing in a form palatable to plants the volatile properties of animal manures, it prevents them from flying up and off into the air, thereby giving to the growing crops a large per centum of suitable food that but for lime would become entirely lost. By correcting and quickening the soil, sudden principles lying latent in what we call exhausted, worn out soils, fermentation, which is in fact fertility, is set actively at work, supplying plant food from material before dormant and unavailable. Thus lime quickens and energizes the manurial properties dormant in the soil of over-worked or long used grain fields, meadow pastures and meadows.

Lime is serviceable generally on all sandy, thin soils, and as well on hard packed, dry, loamy, and shale or slate lands, while on low, wet, clay, it is of doubtful utility, and in the majority of cases positively injurious. Lime applied in the fall is in all instances more beneficial than spring applications; and in all snow regions, a bushel of lime goes over the surface in October or November, working under a snow blanket through the winter, is worth more than double a bushel applied in the spring after the disappearance of snow and frost.

GATHERED GRAINS.

Montana is doing bravely in the wheat line for a territory so young. More than one hundred thousand acres of very fine wheat have been grown there this year.

—A. F.—"Netherherd" asks what kind of apples will keep best and longest. We don't know that Col. Wm. Homway, of Framingham, Mass., ploughed under some apples four years ago, ploughed 'em out again this year and sent samples to the Massachusetts Ploughman man, as sound and fresh as the day they were buried. That's the keeping kind.

—A young alligator, two feet long, went out west from a New York cellar by the way of the daily press, got into the western weeklies and came home again to New York in just three weeks, a bushel of lime gone over the surface in October, working under a snow blanket through the winter, is worth more than double a bushel applied in the spring after the disappearance of snow and frost.

—California gives us there this year 20,000,000 lbs. of wool, pretty good wool, too. That's the estimate of quantity and quality.

—The tobacco crop of Connecticut exceeds that of any former year. Indiana raises the largest crop ever grown in that state. In several Pennsylvania counties the yield is prodigious, and everywhere the "weed" is particularly fine. More smoke and spitting, and internal revenue.

—Keep clean of powdered arsenic. Never stir the "hanks" at once. They cannot be cured, and alive are dangerous to man and beast. Grinders are contagious. Two or three cases in humanity are among the rarest.

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